## The Aviator By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

Tie planes are poised above the snow that crowns the mountain's crest, The envious eagle, far below, sits silent by his nest. He skims along the cloud strewn trail that threads the quiet skies Across the billows of the gale his pinions dip and rise, Till weary of the lanes that lead beneath the sapphire dome, He checks his motor's reckless speed and sails serenely home.

The foothills rise to meet him now, the zephyr hums and sings About his needle-slender bow, and blithely buoys his wings. A clustered village here and there, a ragged dingy town, Drift upward through the crystal air, as down he swoops, and down. A solemn pine tree marks the way, he circles slowly past; The helm commands, the wings obey, and here is home at last,

Yet you and I know not the joy of conquering the air, We only saw a little boy astride a rocking chair.

## The Danger of Novel Reading By DOROTHY DIX

associates in books. She discovers that

she is unappreciated, misunderstood.

She begins to have an insa le

literature is in the guise of fiction.

marked the Half Circle Y boy.

"Sure," said the stock-tender. "Of

it if he was left to himself. He'd give

it all to the first tin-horn that he met

AND

HURRY!

While they were in town the man from Boston could boss

"Honest to Henrietta Jane!" protest-, what I want him to do because he

Stubby around with the big bank roll he had.

NEW English sensational novel is comes to New York, or that Mr. Belasco advertised as having caused the offers a stage-struck girl, the minute he death of a reader, the excitement sees her, a contract to star, but thouof the story producing heart failure, sands of broken-hearted young women This is probably a press agent's story, have believed these lying stories and been the real cause of most fatalities among the victims of them. the readers of modern novels being the The effect of excessive novel reading result of their having been bored to on married women is responsible for death instead of being unduly thrilled. | nine-tenths of the divorces. There are

It is not the risk of their lives, but the tens of thousands of idle wives, living risk of their morals and the sanity of around in boarding houses and hotels. their view point that endangers excessive with nothing to do except to devour novel novel readers, however, and that makes after novel. Their days are passed in a the wholesale establishment of free public passion-laden atmosphere of high-pressure, libraries simost as much of a menace to romance, and when they are forced to the well-being of the country as would come down to earth everything about be the opening up of free saloons or them seems mean and tawdry, especially their husbands.

This seems a pessimistic view to take of what has been considered an unmixed How Women Read. blessing and benefaction, but no one who takes the trouble to observe what the effect of maving an unlimited supply of this, it does not take her long to imfiction, obtainable without money and agine that she is wasted on the unrowithout price, on which to gorge them- mantic, hard-working man who is tollselves, has on women and young boys, ing like a slave to support her. can fall to see that novel reading has also compares him, to his disfavor, hecome a pernicious evil that is fostered with the Lord Percies with whom she by the free library.

### Our Reverence for a Book.

In America we are still so half-baked yearning to have somebody make to educationally that we have a supersti-tious reverence for the printed page. To us a book's a book, though there be ear of Lady Guinevere, and she drifts nothing in it." Women give themselves as surely as a leaf down the current superior airs about being literary because they always read. The Six Best Sellers." purents beam with pride and joy such a scandal in real life. when they see their children engrossed in leading, apparently unaware that in the book the child may be keeping company with the most deprayed characters it is possible to conceive, and is being There are novels that are an inspirafamiliarized with the fifth of the gutters, tion, and a help, but there are also Not long ago the father of a precocious novels that are a contamination, and Not long ago the father of a precoclous youngster of twelve boasted to me that that one can no more read without being harmed than he can touch pitch without being defiled. The protest that I have tried to make here is merely against the bad he and another young companion, who he and another young companion, who he are novel flend, each got a was also a novel flend, each got a cur time. was also a novel fiend, each got a our time. novel every morning, devoured the story at a sitting, and then exchanged books in order that they migh, be provided with their afternoon dope fiction.

It never seemed to ur to the father what the effect of al, of this excessive novel reading would have upon the boy. of the mental indigestion it must sure. ty give him to cram his little head so Matayas Valley with a neat Stubby.

"He said that with Stubby-right the full of plots and counter-plots, seasoned little bunch of horses that was bring- "I'm a plain spoken man," says the interrupted the Half Circle Y boy. with such highly spiced episodes, and ing him in more money than he knew Bostoner, sort of swelling out. "I don't scaked in such a sauce of sensualism. It what to do with," said the stock- want no gentleman," says he, "and I want tender, as he soused a breeching into don't want no accommodation. I want "Sure," replied the stock-tender. "He to be able to read at all than to read a pail of creamy castile suds. read at his time of life.

### Some Books Demoralizing.

This lad is an extreme type of the novel-reading youngster, but there are too many young boys in his class. thin-chested, anemic little fellows, who are being given a post-graduate course in vice by reading erotic novels that leave no phase of decadence unrevealed. We have laws to prevent the sale of liquor and eigarettes to minors. It should be equally a crime to put within the reaca entidren books that are every whit as demoralizing as whiskey of Little account has been taken of the fact of novel reading upon women, but in all good truth it is every bit as demoralizing for a woman to get the opium habit, or the drink habit, as it is to get the novel habit. It is the rovel, more than anything else, that is responsible the abnormal woman, the divorces, the young girl who goes astray.

Nor is this as strange and illogical as sounds. Take a young girl who is pretty and poor, and whose days are spent behind a counter or before a cook stove. She acquires the novel reading habit easily enough because it is the one cheap way by which she can escape from her own hard life into a fairy Neilie the Beautiful Cloak Model smiles takes her away to live in unimaginable It no other way. Stubby's reformed." fellow is the best you can get and you about the horse, so Stubby reaches out ton, whimpering. plendor, or how Sir Guy de Montmorency falls in love with fair Elaine as she Half Circle Y boy. e scrubbing down the steps, and marries in spite of all of his haughty kindred, course, Stubby'd know what to do with

### The Heroine of the Novel.

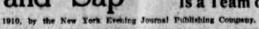
Such a girl, with a mind full of un- for the privilege of pushing chips sibilities, with the idea always before around over a table for a few wee ser that her beauty is going to pave the small hours. Great little old Stubby way for her to ease and luxury, is on the "Still, that was the way he made his lookout for adventure and is ready at stake. Heard about that, didn't you?

lookout for adventure and is ready at stake. Heard about that, didn't you'd any minute to throw up her honest job and so away with any good looking camp who nappens along.

Just how many girs are lured into the evil life by the rosy pictures of the under world drawn by novellats only the next grows pitiably larger year by year, for in the modern movel the heroine is not the virtuous malden who chooses poverty rether than wrongdoing, but the character held up for admiration is the pouns woman who deglares, to quote the pouns woman woundering if he wouldn't have to wash dishes for the wouldn't have

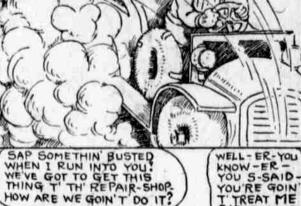
## Psycho and Sap

A Friend in Need Is a Team of Horses











How "Stubby" Got His Start in Life---By Kennett Harris

"He said that with Stubby gight there?"

pay when we get to Garnet and not

"'That's perfectly agreeable to me.

So he hikes out and hires a

says Stubby, kind of husky, but still

couple of horses and a pack mule, and

buys grub and a cooking outfit, and they

start out across the desert. At noon

they camped and got dinner at Parker's

Coulee, and the Bostoner kicked like a

bdy steer at every last thing. He didn't

like the alkali in the water that Stubby

boiled the coffee in, he didn't like the

flaplacks, and he said that the way the

bacon was cooked turned his stomach,

and he cussed Stubby out for not gettin'

him a horse that rode easier.

Stubby Takes Revenge.

try to do better.'

DO YOU !





## Sunset

By WILLIAM LARMINIE

UIET are the treeless hills, Clad with the short coarse grass and heather; Around them the sky's wide circle And beneath them the silent sea.

And around the sky's wide circle are clouds of fire, Towers of flaming snow;

And the plain of the gleaming sea reflects the glitter In lonely patches of calm.

Wild, flery-splendid sky!

Silent protest against night's dark domination, Over thy splendor already hangeth the dome of gloom. And the sea inscrutable rests, vast level of flickering darkness, Watching the sunset go:

All day to the sky it has spoken, and in brightness answered to brightness. Now will it speak to the night.

If there is gloom in the heaven, Shall not the gloom of hell be twice intense?

Therefore ye faces rite! Ye that within the sunless depths have dwellings, And by the deeper terror of your eyes Smite the night's heart with trembling.

## The Self-Reliant Woman

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

opyright, 1910, by the New York Evening Journal | lar among them, and you will invariably OWEVER the oid-time man may tive ability, some phrase of approval for

have liked the clinging woman, the dependent and incapable woman, the dependent and incapable woman, the her self-reliance and a note of admiration for her independence.

Independence does not mean recklessadvice and counsel and assistance, there ness or wilfulness. is not one man in one hundred in Amer- Self-reliance does not mean deafness ica to-day who is not made weary and to counsel, and executive ability does not sick unto death by long association with mean that a woman should plan a career outside her home. a woman of that type. A very young man or a very old man Not any of these things pleases the

may enjoy an experience with a "leaner" lords of creation, but they like a woman who can carry her portion of the world's and "clinger" for a brief period. It flatters his vanity and makes him worries and cares and responsibilities.

feel he is a Solomon of wisdom and a and carry them with ease and grace and Samson of strength.

But let either the very young or the miracles. woman and he will, in a short period, pared her work in any direction a man wish he were anything but an oak tree. likes a woman to tell him about it and very old man marry the twining-vine He will lie awake in the still watches ask his suggestions, and if she alters of the night, after a year or two, and some detail to please him he is meaner what manner of trellis he can mensely gratified. wonder what manner of trellis he can invent that will enable itim to be relieved Wants Her to Think for Herself. of the growing weight of this vine.

The tendency of the last twenty-five his request, for good reasons, he is years has been to make women self- pleased. They have learned to think out problems for themselves and to make their own plans and attend to their own Men in love are delight

Men Like Women of Spirit.

However man objected to this independence of the weaker sex in the beginning, he has grown to like it now He finds it comfortable.

Listen to any half-dozen men when they discuss some woman who is por i-

husband finds this consciousness a triffe wearing. As bad as the clinging vine is the woman who makes her devotion too incessant.

The wife who never thinks of anything or anybody but her husband is apt to persecute him with her attentions at inopportune times. She is never tactful, never conscious

that he wants to be let alone occasionally, never capable of making herself and her affection a novelty to him And this is a fatal error on the part

hear some word regarding her execu-

with no air of having performed

Once she has made her plans and pre-

If she abandons the whole thing at

But he likes to know she can think for

Men in love are delighted to be told

that they are never absent from the

thoughts of their sweethearts, but the

herself, and that she does not forever de-

darn you, and see how you like that for the rest when we get there.' I have known an attractive young 'It was about six mile to the creek have been candidates for her hand had "You blasted ruffian!" says Boston. then, and when they stopped, Boston she not oppressed them with her atten-"He started to say something else, but dropped in his tracks.

a handy man who knows the country and was just that kind of a fat old fool. Ed Stubby slid off his cayuse and cuffed him . Here, get up and unsaddle these Each man in his turn made lovelike You know what I think, so there's can cook a halfway decent meal and I told me be looked for trouble right there other. Now you'll try to be good, or giving him a kick. Twe never had a she gave her heart too readily, or, no need of me saying it," delicately re- propose to pay him well for it. He won't and got behind the stove, but Stubby we'll have a heap more difficulty, he says. millionaire flunkey for me on the trail rather, she gave them to understand her surrender too speedily.

### A Wife's Fatal Mistake.

She wrate two letters to one of theirs, she planned interviews, and she rebuked or scolded if they falled to meet her half way. I know a wife who made the same

fatal error.

Every hour in the day she asserted in some manner her complete devotion. She had no plans, no hopes, no ambitions, no purposes, no pleasures that were not laid before her husband, and he was expected to devote every spare moment to

She "surprised" him frequently at his office, at lunch hour, expecting him to be delighted with her company. She met him at the corner of the street when he came home a trifle inte, and she "went a plece" with him, as the children say, in

the morning, In fact, she nearly drove the poor man into a retreat for the insane with her de-

It is my belief that no human being can

An all-absorbing love glorifles the This is the joyful moment I've been a- yet, but I'm going to now. Picket the the one who loves, and can transform But it is most unwise to always display

## A woman should never make herself

## Advice to the Lovelorn-By Beatrice Fairfax

Gruger he was down in the fluent waddy, jerking his thumb' at say I like his looks."

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: years old, good looking, and have a number of gentlemen friends who would be delighted should I let them call on me. I think a great deal of one of them, but several months ago I met a young man to whom I took a great fancy and still retain it. He is considered good looking, and as I admire a handsome man. I naturally took a great liking to him. He tells me he thinas more of me than I do of him, but I do not think he is sincere, as I am under the impression he has told that to a number of other girls and is doing likewise in my case. I have given up one of my dearest friends for him, of which fact he is unaware, and for which action I think I may be sorry some day. Also when he calls he wants to kiss me, which I absolutely refuse to its him de, but on which he insiste. Do you think my liking for aim is recuprocated in any way.

THINK you are foolish to give up your friends for this man, of whose love you are not at all sure. His good looks are of small importance; it is his character that counts. If- you

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Last February 1 met a young man who seemed to me, at the time, to be very nice. Since that time I have met in multicoften at different places, and he also called at my home quite a number of times.

We have both been on very good terms, but lately things seem to have taken a different turn. At times he seems very glad to see me, and at other dimes he seems very bored and in a hurry. I have seen him quite a number of times with other young indies, and have also heard of this through my friends. I do not under-

stand it.

I like this young man very much, and would gladly have continued, as before, on our friendly terms. I know that I have done nothing to hurt his feelings, and it would simply be impossible for me to write and ask him what it is, as my mother distinctly forbids us to write to gentlemen. Even if she did permit it, I am sure I am a little too proud to do so.

Can you suggest some other way for me to win his friendship back again?

Do you think it is only stubbornness on his part?

The thing that seems most peculiar to me is that he doesn't seem to care, and I do. I really cannot understand it.

THINK your own good sense is teach-

do after that. You and me is going to that love in its fulness. "Oh, if he's married," admitted the think that he can take me to Garnet and grabbed him by the collar and i "That depends, says Stubby. "If take our time crossing the Limestone, We've get a week's grub, and we'll eat . Don't Let Love Become Common. it all up before we get in."

Boston go! up and reached for his common to her husband.

She should never make herself common to her husband.

She should never visit him at his business office so frequently that her business office so frequently that her coming is not a novelty, and she should measure. Now, will you picket them horses? he says.

Fill do anything you say, says Boston, and he limped off with the lariats.

For four days Stubby kent then from morning to night, and from night.

that I have done nothing to hurt his feelings, and it would simply be impossible for me to write and ask him what it is, as my mother distinctly forbids us to write to gentlemen. Even if she did permit it. I am sure I am a little too proud to do so.

Can you suggest some other way for me to write to gentlement the state of the market of





" 'I'm mighty sorry,' said Stubby. 'I'll But when they got out in the hills where money didn't count love too deeply. Stubby took his reveng e to the fullest extent.

## "Along about sundown, as they was holdin' in for ever since I seen you." upon a stranger, who immediately falls ed the stock-tender. "He has to let needs the money and I've got the money and I've got the money. "Along about sundown, as they was holdin' in for ever since I seen you." In love with her and marries her, and his wife handle it. She wouldn't have so there's all there is to that. If this gettin' to Pass Creek, he began again "Are you going to kill me?" says Bosand water, and I'll tell you what to Pass Creek, he began again there is to that.

### BETTER GO SLOWLY.

I am a young lady twenty-two would be delighted should I let them

# to waste any time on him. Most certainly you should not allow him to kiss you unless you are engaged.

THE WAY OF A MAN.